

The Tragedie

Our brother is impais'd by your meanes,
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are dayly given to enoble those
That scarce some two dayes since were worth a noble.

Qu. By him that raise me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enjoyd,
I neuer did insense his Maiesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earnest aduocate to pleade for him.
My lord, you doe me shamefull iniury.
Falsely to draw me in, such vile suspect.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

Riv. She may my Lord,

Glo. She may, *L. Rivers*, why who knowes not so?
She may do more sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not she may, yea marry may she.

Riv. What marry may she?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worse match.

Qu. My L. of Gloucester, I haue to long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiesty,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a country seruant maid,
Then a Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at,

Small ioy haue I in being *Englands* Queene. *Enter Qu. Margaret.*

Q. Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and spare not looke what I sayd,
I will auouch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speake, when paines are quite forgot.

Q. Mar.

Of Richard the Third

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember thee
Thou slewest my husband *Henry* in
And *Edward* my poore sonne at *Tewkesbury*.

Glo. Ere you were Queene yea or no
I was a pack-horse in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduersaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:

To royallize his blood I spilt mine own
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood

Glo. In all which time, you and your
Were factious for the house of *Lancaster*
And *Rivers*, so were you. Was not you
In *Margrets* battaile at *Saint Albons*?
Let me put in your mind, if yours forget
What you haue beene ere now, and what
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I

Qu. Mar. A murderous villaine, and

Glo. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesu

Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.

Glo. To fight on *Edwards* party for the
And for his meede (poore Lord) hee is
I would to God my heart were flint like
Or *Edwards* soft and pittiefull like mine
I am too childish foolish for this world

Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame,
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdom

Ri. My Lord of *Gloucester* in those busines
Which here you urge to proue vs enemies
We follow then our Lord, our lawfull King
So should we now if you should be our

Glo. If I should be? I had rather be
Farre be it from my heart the thought

Qu. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord) as
You should enjoy, were you this countrie
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof
A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof
For I am she, and altogether ioylesse:

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